would sacrifice on vanity.
I exalted myself in a mirror.
Narcissus would have wanted
to see me reflected.
So now, in high-rise sympathy
I give myself
in foolishly thought
charity to men,
who are but mere reflections
of the die-hard dreams
I pass on to begging boys
whose names I forget
for the convenience
forgetting gives me.

Behind a wall of mirrors
I tell my skeleton of youth
I am beautiful.
I will endure.

III

You left me begging for things
most men thought they had
below their belts.
I was reaching higher.
I could throw my legs up
like satellites, but I knew
I was fucking fallen angels.
I made them feel like demigods.
I believed my mission
to be a war zone duty:
don't create casualties,
heal them.
But I was the wounded,

the almost dead,
helping the uninjured.
Men whose lusty hearts weakened
in the middle of the night,
and brought them to tears,
to their knees
for their former lovers.
They could look at me and tell
they did not want to endure
what beauty love scars give me.
So touch me now—
Hannibal, Toussaint.
I am a revolution without bloodshed.
I change the order of things
to suit my desperations.
You can raise your legs,
almost touch heaven.
I can be an angel,
falling.